

Pertinent Paragraphs

Before the wheels and other mechanisms of our press again move in ponderous performance of their weekly task a president will have been elected, much money will have changed hands, 21 amendments to the California state constitution will have been dealt with intelligently and in some cases not so intelligently—and of course the customary post mortem will have been indulged in.

While we're on the subject of the presidential election it may be of interest to voters to know that a vote for a delegate on the Prohibition ticket is a vote thrown away. In California the Prohibition party is supporting the same delegates as is the Republican party, but unless the votes are cast in the Republican column they cannot be counted—that is, they cannot swell the majority for the Republican delegates. It would therefore be well for California Prohibitionists to swallow pride of party Nov. 6 and put their marks in the Republican column on the ballot.

Let us urge once again that all registered voters appear at the polls on the big day. Especially if you like to beef about the result of the election—and who doesn't like to put the boys in the pan occasionally? However, if you were not instrumental in the national selection you do not rate a single solitary howl if it went against the grain—and further, you are not entitled to pat yourself on the back in the event of a satisfactory outcome of the election.

Last week a local boy met death on the highway. He was riding a motorcycle near Los Banos when he collided with an automobile being driven without headlights. The car, it is reported, was piloted by a man whose operator's license had been revoked on that very count. The car itself was being held by the authorities and is alleged to have been stolen from them by the owner on the occasion of the fatal drive. In our opinion the offender should be given absolutely no consideration and less leniency. Of all the murderous tricks of motoring, driving at any speed without lights is the worst. We have encountered numerous cars, sans headlights, on the highways of the Santa Clara valley. If the persons who engage in this practise exterminated only themselves it would be a good thing—but the innocent bystander is the one who, as usual, suffers.

Hallowe'en has come and gone, leaving little or no wreckage in its wake. Quite different from the depredations of ten years ago. A sure sign that civilization overtakes the youth of the land at an earlier age than formerly. In the good old days the morning after the night before found harrassed gentlemen in mad search of gates, wagons, flivvers, doors, clothes racks—and other things. The main drag was as a rule decorated with the missing articles, including—theother things. It is much better as it is.

That's all.

Campbell Quint Performs Friday

Friday night Morgan Hill will bring her 110 and 120 pound cagers to Campbell's court for two games with the local lightweights.

The flu epidemic has forced many changes of plans among the schools of the Santa Clara County Athletic league, the latest being the change of date for the scheduled Campbell-Mountain View game which was to have been played tonight. The game was postponed at the request of Mountain View, so Coach Noddin of Campbell arranged games with the Live Oak fives.

Two weeks ago Campbell staged a double victory over Santa Clara at the Mission city, the 110's winning by a score of 12 to 7, while the 120's carried the long end of a 36 to 6 score. Leland Lea tallied 22 points for Campbell and carried off first honors for point scoring. Morgan Hill has yet to be played to test her strength.

Men Meet Waterloo, Pie, Coffee And Candy At Saratoga Home

One of the yearly events to which the members of the Pundita Circle always look forward is their "Men's night," when they always evolve something new or different.

This year the committee decided on a progressive supper which they enjoyed last Wednesday evening.

The initial course was served at the home of Mrs. D. H. Cramer and consisted of grape fruit, delicious individual chicken pies, potato chips and carrots and peas. After moving on to the next course, L. J. Carboni favored them with solo numbers.

Motoring down the pike the next stop was at Mrs. Stanley Smith's, where they were regaled with fruit salad, sandwiches, cider and salted almonds.

In order to at all do justice to the dessert, a longer interim was allowed and the time was pleasantly passed with music, Mrs. A. C. Anderson playing a group of piano solos and Miss Helen Kalas singing several selections, and then M. E. Purmort told of his eastern auto trip.

The cavalcade then journeyed to the confines of Saratoga and descended upon the home of Mrs. Wilbur Mitchell where their complete rout was accomplished with pumpkin pie, coffee and candy.

Miss Annie Schulte read several humorous selections and the remainder of the evening was passed with the cards.



DR. RAY LYMAN WILBUR

"Give our children trees and outdoor trails instead of caberets and can-openers," says president Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford university, member of the State Park Commission. Mr. Wilbur expresses the opinion the state parks have great educational and scientific value, and urges voters to approve Amendment 4, the state park bond issue.

Main Street Publisher Praises Hoover Defense of Small Town

W. H. Hill Declares the Country Communities Will Cast Tremendous Vote for Hoover.

William H. Hill, a rural farm leader and editor, has risen to commend Hoover's Tennessee speech for its warm defense of "Main Street." Mr. Hill, who is the chairman of the Hoover-Curtis campaign committee in New York State, comes from Binghamton, a typical up-state "Main Street" city, and he says that Hoover's appreciation of this type of American community shows the candidate's rare human qualities.

"Surrounded by the hospitality of the South land," said Mr. Hill, "Hoover was moved to make another speech which displayed his rare human qualities as did his address at West Branch, Iowa. It is fortunate that these two settings were chosen, because he has proven in his talks to people of small communities that he has a depth of feeling not accorded to him even by some of his staunch supporters, and a genuine personal interest in people at large, which is the first prerequisite of a great President."

"Hoover's warm defense of 'Main Street' particularly appealed to me, for I am a 'Main Streeter,' and since I had the honor to be selected by him to come from the 'Main Street' of Binghamton and head his campaign committee in New York State, I cannot doubt the sincerity of his appraisal of the citizens of smaller towns and cities."

"I know, too, that it is the small community in this State that will vote the most enthusiastically on Election Day. Everywhere, 'Main Street' loves Herbert Hoover, and Hoover, as he said in his address, considers that much maligned thoroughfare as a source of strength when crises come. The feeling is entirely mutual and



Hoover need have no fear that the 'Main Streets' of the country will not arise behind him in the crisis he will face on November 6."

Cowles Reported Close To Death

A letter from Mrs. Amy B. Cowles under date of Sept. 22 stated that Mr. Cowles was lying very ill in the missionary hospital at Durban. He had been overcome just after starting out on a mission trip but managed to get home. At the time of writing he had been in bed six weeks and was failing rapidly. His death seemed imminent. Their daughter Helen had come from America and was with her mother. Further word will be anxiously awaited by their many local friends.

P. E. O. Of San Jose Puts On Highjinks For "Boys I Love"

Chapter DN of the P. E. O. of San Jose was entertained at the home of Mrs. I. R. Abbott, assisted by Miss Kittie Johnson, at a Hallowe'en party on the evening of Oct. 25. The B. I. L's. (Boys I Love) were the guests of honor.

The house was beautifully and spookily decorated with all the new and novel effects as well as some unique creations of the clever hostesses.

Upon arrival the guests were ushered in at a rear entrance and led through a labyrinth of gruesome sights that eventually brought them to the living room.

A variety of interesting Hallowe'en games and the recital of ghost stories provided amusement until a late hour when dainty refreshments were served. The supper favors and cards were the handiwork of the hostesses.

Those present were Messrs and Mesdames Ray Chittick, Homer DeWitt Pugh, John T. Bair, W. H. Ferguson, F. N. Hess, R. L. Nourse, O. A. Stalker, Fred T. Shipp, McCoy, W. H. Boettcher, Dr. and Mrs. Channing Richardson, Dr. and Mrs. Fred Ryan, Mrs. Sarah J. Nourse, Mrs. Mertrude Wagner, Miss Frances Blomquist, Miss Clara Kurk, Miss Ethel White and Miss Taylor, all of San Jose, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Forward of Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lee of Santa Cruz, and Miss Jessie Lewis of Campbell.

Roosevelt Day Observed Here

The annual exercises held in Campbell in commemoration of the late Theodore Roosevelt took place Friday in order that the students of local schools might be enabled to attend.

The exercises opened with a march by the high school band and a number played under the redwood tree on the school campus. This tree, which was planted by President Roosevelt May 11, 1903, is the inspiration of these yearly exercises. It is now a beautiful tree, 60 feet in height, appropriately marked with a tablet. Last holiday season it was further honored by being chosen for the community Christmas tree. It was prettily decorated at that time and the carol singers gathered there for the community singing.

The crowd then moved over to the grammar school for the remainder of the program. The Rev. J. H. Bennett gave the invocation which was followed by the "Star Spangled Banner" and a recitation by Gladys Nelson. The high school glee clubs rendered two selections and the Duff Sisters, who are holding revival services in Campbell, sang Negro spirituals.

The spade with which the tree was planted was given into the custody of Elmer Lloyd, president of the student body.

Dr. T. W. MacQuarrie, president of the San Jose State Teachers' college gave a very interesting account of some of the highlights of Roosevelt's life, mentioning the handicaps which he overcame and things which should be an inspiration to youth. He referred to Roosevelt's great work in the preservation of natural resources, beginning the saving to this and future generations of the vast natural riches of our country.

Dunlaps Leave On Jaunt To Los Angeles

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dunlap will leave tonight for Los Angeles where they will visit until Monday. On their return they will be accompanied by Mr. William Skiff who is now in the southern city on the last lap of his home trip from a visit in New York state.

Bohnett Advises On Amendments

At the current weekly luncheon Kiwanians were given final tips on the 21 measures on the state ballot to be voted next Tuesday, by none other than Attorney L. D. Bohnett, one of Campbell's own men of mark.

On some of the measures he urged a decided stand while on others he stated it was a matter of opinion.

By all means vote "yes" on amendment No. 1 which will secure for the rural communities control of the state senate and give to the three densely populated counties control of the assembly.

He favored No. 3; the park bonds, No. 4; the education bill, No. 6; water bill, No. 7; Nos. 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, 18 and 19.

He was opposed to No. 11 for increasing courts fearing the possibility of too many and laxity in functioning. Mr. Bohnett opposed No. 20 as removing a time honored, well-established system of trial by one's peers with a resultant miscarriage of justice.

On some measures discussed considerable difference of opinion was expressed. Most of those expressing their views were decidedly opposed to No. 6, the education bill which is deemed a step toward the removal of local school management from the hands of the most interested and placing it in the hands of those least interested. It also establishes a state educational board responsible to no one after its establishment. This measure and its unit system, will bear considerable study before adoption.

The taxation measure, No. 3, is another on which opinions differ because of a possibility of a further alteration in the taxation method that may later become necessary.

Due to the proximity of the season of spooks and pranks of the mischievous-minded, Chairman "King Coal" Merrill called on Heck Smith as the most likely substitute for a delinquent divine to give an adequate expose on the whys, wherefores and whatnots of Hallowe'en. Who knows?

Ex-Gophers Gather At C. H. Whitman Home For Hallowe'en Party

The home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman was the scene of a jolly gathering of former Minnesotans last Thursday evening, assembled to have a good time.

The Hallowe'en season offered the motif for the decorations and accessories, and very effective ones had been chosen.

An original game in which the answers all began with "cat" afforded much amusement, as did the performance of stunts, directions for which were found in a punch board.

Progressive whist provided further entertainment until the hour for refreshments. As this was a modified Dutch treat party, the guests bringing part of the refreshments, the hostess had arranged a novel way of assigning the duties of the various ladies. She provided them with appropriate waitress bandeaux and aprons. Attached to the latter were cards appointing each to a small part in arranging or serving, which made of the affair another game. The luncheon was quite keeping with the evening's theme.

Mrs. George Parso very ably assisted the hostess in her preparations and throughout the evening.

The company separated at a late hour. Reports of a good time are current.

Lawrence Murty In Fatal Crash

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Murty of North First street are extended the sincere sympathy of their fellow citizens in the tragic loss they suffered in the death of their son, Lawrence, Saturday night.

The young man was riding a motorcycle near Los Banos when he collided with a truck traveling without lights. He was so badly injured that he lived but a few hours, passing away before his family could reach him. They were all at the funeral services at Hanford Tuesday.

Mr. Murty was only 20 years of age and had lived here part of the time with his parents, but also spent much of it with relatives at Hanford.

Mr. Murty is owner of the shoe repair shop in the Hotel building where he has been located since leaving the employ of E. E. Sower.

High School Band And Orchestra Will Stage Program November 16

The music department of the Campbell high school has announced that the orchestra and band under the direction of Mr. Thielke will give a concert in the Grammar School auditorium on the evening of Nov. 16 at 8 o'clock. This concert will be given for the purpose of raising money with which to buy new orchestra and band instruments.

A review of the numbers shows several interesting selections from the musical comedy, "Miss Dolly Dollars" by Victor Herbert and from the oriental phantasy, "In a Chinese Temple" by Albert Ketelbey.

The program will include also Adagio Lamentoso, fourth movement from Symphony in B Minor by Tschaiakowsky and Zuni Indian Suite by Homer Grunn. As a special attraction for the pleasure of those who attend the concert there will be soprano solos by Miss Leda Gregory Jackson, baritone solos by Ed Ferguson and saxophone solos by Arnold Steiner, well known artists of San Jose and San Francisco respectively.

Responds to Cheers



Herbert Hoover responds to the cheers of the vast throngs that greeted him on his tour through New Jersey. He was greeted with enthusiasm everywhere, especially in the so-called Democratic strongholds of Mayor Hague in Hudson County.

Tariff Came First

The first of our policies which have given security and expansion of employment has been the enactment of the protective tariff. - HERBERT HOOVER in his Newark speech.

The misdirected plates of our story arrived this week and we herewith offer the second instalment of



The Girl Who Came Back

By Jack Woodford

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It was after 2 a. m. Men were not allowed in the hotel, beyond the lobby; but they possessed all corners of the lobby with its subdued lights. They were sitting everywhere with

girls who lived in the hotel, talking, laughing loudly. Walking past them, her head in the air, Lolita approached the automatic lift.

"Who is it?" came the sleepy voice of Lolita's friend when she knocked upon her door.

"It's I," said Lolita weakly through the panels, "Lolita. I should like to stay with you tonight, if I may."

"Well, for crying out loud!" Lolita heard her friend say as she snapped on the light and came toward the door.

"Harsh light streamed out to meet her from the open door. Gertrude, her friend, who also worked at the Emporium, was anything but prepossessing, with her hair in strings, her eyes staring, and her face covered with cold cream. Lolita, aching for companionship and sympathy, threw herself into her arms.

"What's the big idea?" objected Gertrude in startled surprise.

"Oh, Gert, let me stay with you," Lolita begged. The other girl held her out at arm's length, looking at her sternly; and then, with incredible suddenness she melted, softened. Lolita's head was upon her shoulder and she was crying gorgeously.

"Tell me all about it, kid," Gertrude demanded.

"Spare me nothing, Lolita told her the whole story, from the first time that she had seen Harvey Torrence, until their parting that night. The other listened carefully until she had finished.

"Well?" prompted Lolita, when she had come to the end of her tale, and Gertrude gave no sign of having heard, made no comment.

"Yes, very, thanks," said Gertrude slangily. "Wonder why I'm not surprised or excited, or anything? Easy. The story you just told is as much mine as yours. In fact it's a very old story that doesn't belong to anyone; there's nothing original about it."

"But it's new to me," protested Lolita. "What shall I do? It seems as though I'd been asleep for six months, walking in a dream, doing things that I shouldn't have done; and now I'm awake and I see how awful it all was, and I'm terrified; Oh, Gertrude, please tell me; what shall I do? I've only one idea, myself—and somehow I can't do that either; it would kill me."

"And besides," returned Gertrude, water's cold as I—this time of year," Lolita hung her head. It seemed as though this other girl's experience had held so much that nothing, not even secret thoughts, were new to her.

"How'd you like to live here with me awhile?" suggested Gertrude, after a moment; "you'd have the benefit of a 'horrible example' always before you—do you good." She stopped to laugh, but there was no humor in her laugh. Lolita sensed, for she could see that her story had greatly affected the other girl.

"Wouldn't I be a bother?"

"Heck, no. You'd be welcome. All I've got now is my salary from the store, my sweetie pulled out a week ago; if you'll pay half the room rent it will be a lot cheaper for both of us, and then you can have a little money left to do what I'm going to tell you to do in a minute."

Lolita looked about the little room. There were two large, comfortable looking upholstered chairs, a spinet desk, and a thick taupe rug. She could see that the bed folded up during the daytime and was concealed by two French doors which now stood open. A small door next to the French doors stood open and an ironing board protruded from it, fastened to the wall. It was a rather cozy, convenient-looking little room. The entire building had been built especially for girls who worked, along the lines of a new thought in working girls' homes, in that it had nothing of the "institutional" flavor but seemed just like a family hotel. Gertrude watched her as her eyes roved about the room.

"Like the dump?" she asked at last.

"It's lovely," Lolita conceded wholeheartedly.

"Hunky!" remarked Gertrude cryptically, "it's half yours from now on." "You said that you were going to tell me something a little while ago," prompted Lolita, anxious to have her friend keep on talking so that her mind might not veer back too sharply to things that cut her as though she were filled with sharp glass.

"Yes," admitted Gertrude, "I haven't forgotten—I guess you're ready to listen now. I don't want you ever to repeat anything of what I tell you. The rest of the girls at the store would kill the very life out of me if they heard about it, because lots of us

like to pretend we don't care—all that sort of stuff; it's the only defense we've got. What I wanted to tell you is simply this. You stand tonight, right where I stood about ten years ago, with the one difference that perhaps you've got a little more sense—you had better training at home, or something—I can feel a difference in you somehow. I let a rat put it over on me and break my heart, and then like a darned fool I went right ahead and finished myself what he'd only started. In those days, there was some kind of a delusion abroad in the land that when a girl was down she was out. Those days are gone forever—take it from me. Since war, people, somehow, just aren't so narrow. One drink don't make a drunkard. Just because you've made one mistake, don't get the idea that the umpire is going to send you to the bench. You'll have a lot of chances at the plate yet—the important thing is to profit by your experience. You know a curve now when you see it, and you'll be all the more likely now to recognize a straight slow ball when you see it—you'll know how to dodge to keep from being hit by the fast

ones. You've played around in the bush league plenty long enough. Make up your mind tonight, not to step down and out, to give up and condemn yourself, but just make a game out of life from now on. You're at the bottom, in your own estimation, right now; just you start out tomorrow to have the most fun you ever had in your life seeing how high toward the top you can climb. I'll play along with you until you feel as though you could hang on to the ladder again and start climbing . . . why, there isn't really anything you can't do if you make up your mind to it—what say?"

Lolita looked across at the now thoroughly earnest face of the girl opposite her.

"You really think that after what's happened I can still—"

"Why sure! Who knows anything about it?"

"But if I should ever fall in love with a real man, one who—"

"If you ever fall in love with a real man, he will be one who will be proud enough to listen to your story without blinking, if he lets you tell it at all. There's very few men couldn't poke a pretty stiff chapter into the book of life themselves if they ever opened up as frankly as a fool woman does when she's honestly in love."

"But it's going to be so hard at first. I'll miss Harvey, and somehow, even while I loathe him, and I don't dare go home. Father'd see, instantly, the moment he looked at me, that there was something wrong."

"Easiest way out of that, old girl, is to find something to do every minute you're awake."

"But in the evenings?"

"Yeh, in the evenings by the moonlight," remarked the other bitterly.

"But there's a way out of that, too. I suppose you think I got a lot of nerve to be lecturing you like this, when I haven't amounted to anything myself, but maybe I've got all the more right to do it, just because of that. I see the bad bulls I made, and I've also seen how I could have avoided them. Why not go to school in the evenings? Think of all the things you can learn if you want to; why, there's all kinds of schools. There's secretarial schools, where they place you in a good job when you graduate, and trade schools; why, I know a girl works in a beauty shop, learned her trade in a year at night school, making around a hundred a week now, eats dinner at the Edgewater Beach every Sunday and pays for it herself. Believe me, when you're in a position to pay your own way, then's when you're sitting pretty in a pretty little city, take it from one who's never been able to pay her own way. Listen, kid," Gertrude's tone changed.

"Do you know that you're actually smiling, for the first time since you came in here?" She broke off with a laugh and suddenly pulled the other girl into a standing position upon the floor and started to unfasten her clothes.

A few moments more and the light was off and they were in bed. Somewhere from across the now only faintly rumbling city the chimes on a church struck three measured strokes.

"Three strikes—out!" thought Lolita with a little shiver as she lay beneath the covers, and then, though she ached with loneliness and despair, she gritted her teeth together firmly, "but tomorrow another game starts," she told herself.

CHAPTER II

Lolita awakened in the morning, long after Gertrude had gone to work. She sprang up and reached for the



"Take It From One Who's Never Been Able to Pay Her Own Way."

"phone to call the store, grateful that Gertrude had thoughtfully permitted her to get all of the sleep that she could in view of the events of the night before. When she had gotten her department at the store she started to speak glibly:

"Miss Truxton, this is Lolita Forbes speaking. I've overslept, it's pretty late, but I'll come right down."

"Do!" said Miss Truxton a little irritably; "I need you, badly." Lolita hung up the receiver and sat thinking. How easily, almost unconsciously, her mind had formed a lie. She had been fully intent upon telling Miss Truxton that she was ill and could not come down to work. By what easy, imperceptible stages one slipped down. Before coming to Chicago it would have taken her a long time to decide to tell a lie, and then she would only have told it if it were

to protect some one else, and there were no other possibly way out; since meeting Harvey, and since learning to tell the little lies that she had constantly had to tell to people in connection with him, lying had become almost as easy of accomplishment as breathing. She shuddered. In the clear light of morning, fighting back and up did not seem such an easy thing to do—and, after all, was it really worth while? Being bad probably got no one anything but unhappiness; but, on the other hand, what did being good get one, after all?

Dressing before the mirror Lolita recalled the words of the girl in the dance hall the night before. She did look innocent, and sort of fresh and young. Her cheeks, even immediately after arising, were pink and healthy looking; her eyes were deep blue and bright, her short bobbed hair, all ruffled up and crinkled, shone and glistened like fresh straw under sunlight. After all, she thought with some satisfaction, she was as pretty as she had ever been in her life, prettier. The thought was tremendously reassuring.

As she sat pulling on her stockings, pleasantly enjoying the feel of soft, slinky pink silk against silly, pink skin the wall 'phone rang sharply. Somehow she felt that it was Harvey. She could hear the blood pound in her ears. The 'phone rang again, insistently. Probably he had simply asked them to ring Gertrude Watson's room, thinking that she might be there, with Gertrude still. He had met Gertrude at the store and knew her slightly. Presently the 'phone stopped ringing and Lolita finished dressing carefully. As she opened the door to pass out into the hall she almost ran into a man who stood leaning against the door jamb, a cigarette between his lips, his hat at a jaunty angle.

"Well," he said, without apparent surprise; "they told me Gertrude hadn't gone out."

"It was you, then, who called up on the 'phone," Lolita was conscious of a silly little inward pang at the thought that it hadn't, after all, been Harvey.

"Yes, and I came up here to stand and wait. Sometimes Gertrude gets nutty and won't let me in."

"I see," returned Lolita stiffly. She made as if to pass him, but he made no motion to get out of her way."

"You sure are a pretty kid," he observed carelessly. "How did you come to be in here, anyhow?"

"Let me by, please," said Lolita stiffly. "I am on my way to work and already late."

"If you're already late, why go at all? Let me bring you up some breakfast, and a cocktail." Again she tried to push past him, but this time he deliberately blocked the way and in fact, moved toward her so that she was forced back into the room. Entering, he closed the door after him. Lolita started toward the 'phone upon the wall, but his easy laugh made her pause with her hand upon the receiver.

"Call them if you like, but I'm the one lucky man who is allowed to run around this place; you see, my dad owns it."

Lolita felt that he was telling the truth. He had the appearance of a young man who was accustomed to every luxury. His clothes were faultless and evidently tailor made, and he had that indefinable air of complete assurance that is indelibly associated with ready money. He was not, she reflected irrelevantly, really bad looking; in fact, he was quite distinctly good looking. She turned to face him.

"If you don't go, I shall even the

window and call out. You ought to be arrested, forcing your way in here like this."

"How do I know but what you ought to be arrested?" he countered. "I find you here in a guest's room, despite the fact that it is strictly against the rules for the girls who live here to have guests overnight without registering them. For all I know you may have been about to ransack the room."

"Don't be silly," snapped Lolita. Again she started for the door.

"Silly, my eye!" he returned ineluctably. "I never was more serious in my life; for that matter, all I've got to do is to 'phone them downstairs to call the wagon and have you taken to the police station and held on suspicion. It would be a long time before the thing would be straightened out, probably twenty-four hours. Ever sleep all night in a police station? I have—it's h—!" He was apparently very serious. She was appalled at the thought that in all probability it would be easy enough for him to do just as he had indicated, claiming that she was in a guest's room without any apparent right to be there. It would, in fact, be pretty hard to get hold of Gertrude and get the thing straightened out quickly.

"Of course," he added jovially, "I wouldn't do anything like that, but I could easily. Give us a little kiss and we'll call it all square."

"I'm not accustomed to kissing every man I meet," asserted Lolita stiffly, "please let me go."

"My dear girl, if you're hanging around with Gert, there's no use your pulling this 'innocent' stuff. Gertrude is a great little kid, but she's no nun, and her room has never been anything at all like a nunnery." Lolita felt her face flaming. Worst of all was her own secret knowledge that, in one way, she was really no better than Gertrude. She started again for the door. Suddenly he grasped her in his arms. His was brutally strong and had no difficulty in finding her lips with his own. He pressed a hot kiss upon her mouth and leaned back exultant, white, breathing in

short little gasps. Lolita screamed at the top of her voice. He was a little startled. Holding her firmly by the wrist he walked over to the 'phone and called the office.

"It's all right," he said calmly, and hung up the receiver again. His attitude toward her, however, had changed.

"Gee, you're a funny kid to be hanging around with Gertrude," he commented in plain puzzlement. "Tell you what I'll do. If you'll let me drive you down to where you work I'll take you right away, this instant."

"Thanks," she snapped, "but I prefer the Elevated. Let me go at once, or I shall make such a commotion that it will be heard clear out on the street." His eyes blazed, but his voice wheedled.

"Darn it, I'm not going to get fresh with you any more—how could I? My car's an open roadster, and it's broad daylight. Please let me drive you down to work; if you don't I won't let you go. You're sore at me, now, and I don't want you to be; I want to apologize and tell you how sorry I am for the way I acted. I can do that while I'm driving you down. What's the harm?" Seeing the refusal still in her eyes he added in a surly manner, "D—n it, if you won't let me drive you down, I won't let you go, and I yell again I'll crack you one alongside of the jaw so that you won't do any more yelling for a week. Now come on, say that I can drive you down."

Selecting the lesser of two evils, she finally consented. Walking downstairs with him, rather than trust herself with him in the automatic lift, which he might halt between the floors, she accompanied him to the snappy little gray roadster which stood at the curb and was just climbing in when a voice that struck a strange sort of surprised terror at her heart sounded at her elbow.

"So that's the kind of a double-crossing you are!" came to her startled ears in Harvey's familiar voice. She turned in terror, but before she could speak, there was a scum like an apple being thrown against a brick wall, as the owner of the roadster suddenly crashed his fist against Harvey's jaw.

Leaning against the side of the automobile weakly she watched while the most terrible sight she had ever seen in her life went on before her eyes. She had seen boys fight many times, but she had never before seen grown men engage in a serious encounter. It was almost unbelievably dreadful. The very air seemed to seethe with hate. It was as though thousands of years of civilization had dropped away and both of the men had reverted to the primordial beast. Their faces were expressions such as she had never seen upon men's faces before, not even in pictures of fights in the movies. Their lips were drawn back from their teeth like the lips of a mad dog she had once seen. The blows that they delivered were so murderous that it seemed to the girl that each one must surely kill one or the other. Presently the blood began to run in a horrifying stream from Harvey's mouth. A moment later blood issued from the other man's nose. A crowd was beginning to collect. Subconsciously she heard a policeman's whistle give one of those eerie blasts that she had sometimes heard late at night. Suddenly, stooping as though to pick up something from the ground, Harvey's antagonist hit him such a terrific blow upon the chin that his head snapped back as though his neck was broken. He fell to the walk, his head striking the cement curb with a sound more sick-

ening than any of those previous.

Harvey lay very still. His face indescribably softened, even with the blood upon it took on the most innocent, guileless expression that Lolita had ever seen there. At this moment several policemen arrived and unceremoniously shoved their way through the crowd. The son of the owner of the Grantham apartments was leaning against the hood of his car breathing as though his windpipe had been shut off except for a very small passage through which his breath whistled tortuously. He was bloody, it seemed to Lolita, all over.

One of his eyes was turning a frightful shade of blue. His collar hung down the back of his coat, his hair was ruffled and his hat was gone. One sleeve of his coat was torn almost off. An officer who had been leaning over Harvey suddenly straightened up and looked at the others.

"The guy's dead," he said.

To Be Continued Next Week

Daily Thought.

The applause of a single human being is of great consequence.—Samuel Johnson.

Would You Hand Your Wife a Check for \$20,000

...And tell her to spend or to invest it as she wished without consulting you? Of course not! Yet, that is what you are doing if you leave your insurance payable to her in cash. Insurance money so left is usually lost within seven years, through speculation or ill-advised investment. (A life insurance trust with this bank will make sure that your insurance money will not be wasted, but rather, will be conserved for the protection of your family.

Ask any officer about the life insurance trust, or get a copy of "Safeguarding Your Family's Future", an interesting booklet describing its operation.

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When you are in search of a tasty morsel—something a little different—drop into our shop and make a selection from the wide variety of baked foods.

We make cakes to order for all occasions.

Try one of our fountain specials. Pure ice cream.

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PICTORIAL LIFE OF HERBERT HOOVER

No. 8 By Satterfield



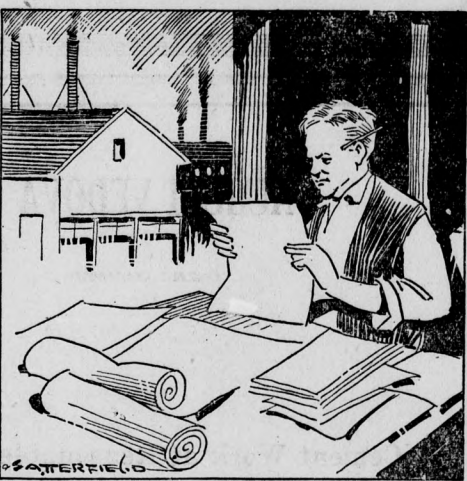
1. After college, Hoover studied the practical side of mining with pick and shovel in Nevada.



2. Promoted to be a field engineer, he made good at a variety of jobs in the sage brush.



3. He was sent to Australia to organize a group of mines there along American lines.



4. While at his desk in Australia there came a call to China. This appealed to Hoover's imagination.

in this locality. Campbell would be glad to welcome them as residents.

Miss Alice McCaughey was home from her school duties over

the week-end.
A number of our good people have been suffering from more or less severe cases of flu. Maybe a good rain would help clear the air of dust and germs.

PREVENT WASTE OF CALIFORNIA'S WATERS!

WATER. Declares general welfare requires water resources be beneficially used, and waste and unreasonable use prevented. * * *

Yes	X	Stamp Ballot Here
No		

This constitutional amendment passed the Legislature almost unanimously. No argument against it in the voters' handbook. Help save for irrigation the millions of acre feet of water annually flowing into the ocean!

Poor Program
First Guest—Smith's set has unusually good selectivity, hasn't it?
Second Guest—Yes, but Smith's selectivity isn't so good.

Shoes

Let us fit your feet with a pair of Lion brand work shoes. You won't need new ones so often if you will buy them here. rice \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$5.50.

E. E. Sower

TIRE CLEARANCE SALE

LASTING FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

Wet weather is here and you have a chance to save big money on your tires for winter wear. Last month we bought tires at the temporary reduced price and we have some of these left. While they last you might as well save on them.

LOOK THESE GOODYEAR PATHFINDERS OVER! !

	Regular Price	Sale Price
30 x 3 1/2 Reg. Cl.	\$ 6.80	\$ 5.25
30 x 3 1/2 Oversize Cl.	7.30	5.60
30 x 3 1/2 S. S.	8.70	6.65
32 x 4 S. S.	12.75	9.80
33 x 4 S. S.	13.25	10.20
32 x 4 1/2 S. S.	17.30	13.35
33 x 4 1/2 S. S.	17.75	13.65
30 x 5.00	12.15	9.30
31 x 6.00	17.50	13.45
32 x 6.00	17.70	13.65
33 x 6.00	18.80	13.80

If your own tire size is not listed here, please phone us for information.

Special Notice!

While this sale of Goodyear Pathfinders is on we intend to clean out an overstock of Goodyear All Weathers, our first line, so you had better cash in on these prices while you have the chance. This is postively a sale that closes Saturday night of this week. DON'T ASK FOR ANY EXTENSION OF TIME.

COMPARE THESE PRICES, NOT WITH GYPS, BUT WITH THE PRICE ON ANY RECOGNIZED STANDARD LINE TIRE.

Do you think you can pass up this sale?

HERE ARE A FEW SIZES

	Sale Price	Reg. Price
30 x 3 1/2 All Weather	\$ 7.25	\$ 9.05
31 x 4 All Weather	11.40	14.25
32 x 4 All Weather	12.10	15.15
33 x 4 All Weather	12.70	15.90
33 x 4 1/2 All Weather	16.60	20.75
29 x 4.40 All Weather	8.00	10.00
30 x 5.00 All Weather	10.75	13.45
31 x 5.00 All Weather	11.20	14.00
32 x 5.00 All Weather	12.35	15.45
30 x 5.25 All Weather	12.50	15.65
31 x 5.25 All Weather	12.90	16.15
32 x 6.00 All Weather	15.10	18.90
33 x 6.00 All Weather	18.75	19.50

This sale is limited to tires now in stock. All goods advertised at sale prices are subject to prior sale, and we reserve the right to cancel orders.

EXTRA SPECIAL!

All Tube Prices Correspondingly Low

HALIWELL and JONES

Opposite High School
Phone 111
Campbell, Calif.

Exide BATTERIES

Town Tales Tersely Told

The regular monthly meeting of the Campbell grammar school P. T. A. will be held in the kindergarten room of the school at 2:15 p. m. Nov. 6. The new members are especially requested to be present and get acquainted.

For Sale—Cheap; new Crosley disc-type loud speaker. Ed. Merrill, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Toll of Denair were guests of his brother, August Toll and wife over the week-end. They visited Mt. Hamilton and other points of interest.

Think of Shadle's for prescriptions.

Miss Delpha Wiesendanger was home from Berkeley for the week-end.

Young White Rock roosters 5 to 6 lbs., 35c per lb. We dress and draw for a small extra charge. G. R. Nemcomb, Phone Campbell 4—R.

Little Miss Lee Gillis was down from Burlingame and spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Purmort.

Think of Shadle's for cameras and developing.

Mrs. A. C. Keesling is in charge of arrangements for the Grange card party to be held Saturday

night in the Community hall. An orchestra will provide additional entertainment.

Mrs. Florence Carlisle Ray and children of Martinez are here visiting Mrs. Ray's mother, Mrs. C.

E. Case.
Mrs. L. J. Hunter and daughter are here from Belleville, Ill., guests of the Misses Pannell. Mr. Hunter will arrive later and the family plan to make their home

FIELD'S STORE

These prices effective Friday and Saturday

Dunbar Shrimp, 2 cans	33c
Dromedary Dates, pkg.	21c
S.O.S., large pkg.	21c
Borden's milk, 3 tall cans.....	29c
Del Monte Sliced Peaches, 3 '2 1/2' cans	55c
Del Monte Asparagus Tips, 1lb. square tin	33c
Log Cabin syrup, med. size per can	49c
Fluffo Shortening, 1 lb. can	26c
Folger's Coffee, per lb.,	49c

Hardware and Feed

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Prices Reasonable

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"IN ANY EVENT!"
Anti-knock
THE NEW WINTER
RED CROWN
GASOLINE
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Economy

By OGDEN L. MILLS
Undersecretary of the Treasury

ECONOMY in government means not just saving, but wise spending. It means the elimination of waste, the building up of a real sense of responsibility on the part of public servants, and the development of a spirit of unselfish service. Economy in this sense attains the dignity of a fundamental principle of government.

One of the great contributions made by Coolidge to the cause of good government has been the application of that principle with sincerity and thoroughness.

Such a policy is in happy contrast to that followed in New York State under Governor Smith, where during a period of abundant revenue, we have seen an enormous debt expansion, the breaking down of all wise pay-as-you-go policies, and the financing of recurring expenditures by bond issues.

The battle for economy in government is no single dramatic action. It is a continuing and continuous process. Nearly all that has been accomplished in the last eight years could be offset in the first years of a wasteful and inefficient administration.

Tammany Thinking

Big John Kennedy, the Tammany leader in Alfred Lewis's novel, *The Boss*, as he was about to go into the retirement of death, said to his protégé, "Think first, last and all the time of yourself. You may not be of account to others, but you're the whole box of tricks to yourself. Don't give a man more than he gives you. Folks who don't stick to that steer land either in bankruptcy or Bloomin'dale." That has always been the pragmatic creed of Tammany Hall.—M. R. Werner in *Tammany Hall*.

Hooverism

The best teaching is not done out of a book, but out of a life.—Herbert Hoover.

When Chess Was Put Under Churlych Pan

As to how chess was introduced into western and central Europe little is really known, and still less about its advent into this country. Some say that chess was brought into Europe at the time of the Crusades, the theory being that Christian warriors learned to play it at Constantinople, but this has been disproved.

More probable it is that the Spaniards received the game from their Moslem conquerors, who had learned it from the Persians, who in their turn had been initiated into it by the Hindus, while the Italians acquired chess from the Byzantines.

It seems that chess was known in Italy before the first Crusade, for there is extant, says Colonel Whitton, in the Nineteenth Century, a curious letter from the cardinal archbishop of Ostia to Pope Alexander II, written about 1061, bearing on the game.

The cardinal had imposed a penance on a bishop whom he had found diverting himself with chess, and in his letter to the pope the cardinal quotes the language of reproach he had used to his erring subordinate: "Was it right, I say, and consistent with thy duties, to sport away thy evenings amidst the vanities of chess and defile the hand which offers up the body of the Lord, and the tongue which mediates between God and man, with the pollution of this sacrilegious game?"

Travel Always With

Death as Companion

Bolivia is probably the most inaccessible country in the world. It can only be reached by crossing the Andes or by taking a long and difficult journey through the Argentine. Thus, although it is four times as large as Great Britain, its population is only one-quarter that of London.

It lies wholly in the tropical belt, but much of its surface consists of a lofty tableland running up to 13,000 feet, where the climate is intensely dry and cold, with considerable snow and fearful electric storms.

A track crosses this great plateau to the western seaboard, and along this trail travels a constant stream of mules and donkeys carrying rubber and other products of Bolivia to the coast. In many places the track is a mere shelf of rock with nothing between its edge and a drop of thousands of feet. In places the track rises 15,000 feet above sea level. The whole trail is lined with the bleached skeletons of pack animals, and the losses are enormous.

On this plateau, at a height of 13,000 feet, is the vast Lake Titicaca, almost as big as Lake Erie in Canada.

State of Mind

Your state of mind has a direct relationship to your state of health.

The individual who is bored with his work, tired of its monotony, depressed with its unmeaningness reflects his mental state in the condition of his health.

There is no question of the vital influence of a happy frame of mind over the physical forces of the body.

Mrs. E. R. Kennedy Entertains Friends

The hospitable country home of Mrs. E. R. Kennedy was the scene last week of the third in a series of daintily appointed parties at which the hostess has been entertaining groups of her friends.

A color combination of peach and lavender in flowers and table decorations was used. A bowl of lavender and pink sweet peas centered the dining table, where a pink linen cloth and matching colored glassware were used. Large chrysanthemums in the two shades were attractively placed about the room.

In the living room where small tables were placed for the serving of the dainty luncheon bowls of pink roses and baby 'mums completed the picture.

Clever games were interspersed with other entertainment throughout the afternoon. Mrs. Ralph Hyde sang three pretty selections, "Your Eyes Have Told Me So," "Thank God for a Garden," and "At Dawning," with Mrs. E. W. Harrington at the piano. Mrs. M. E. Purmort recounted a number of the interesting events of their summer trip east and Mrs. W. C. Robins recited Riley's "It Aint No Use to Grumble and Complain."

The successful contestants in the games and those participating in the program were presented with lovely hand embroidered handkerchiefs, which had been made into unique little French bouquets with paper frills.

Present were Mrs. R. K. Thomas, Mrs. E. W. Harrington of San Jose, Mesdames J. D. Blaine, C. E. Hanger, M. E. Purmort, C. H. Whitman, G. L. Parso, C. G. Kennedy, R. W. Kennedy, Worthin Grattan, M. J. Palmer, W. C. Robins, D. H. Cramer, Ralph Hyde, H. M. Shadle and George E. Griffin of Campbell.

Women Will Discuss Arts and Literature

Monday Nov. 5 the Country Woman's club will meet at the Community hall at 2:30 p. m. The subject for the afternoon is "Persia—Art, Literature and Crafts," under the leadership of Mrs. G. S. Robson, Mrs. L. F. Shaw and Mrs. I. R. Abbott.

The music feature will consist of selections by the girls glee club under the direction of Miss Niel-

Foothill Section S.C.C.T.A. Meets With Local Group

The Campbell grammar school faculty entertained the Foothill group of the Santa Clara County Teachers association last Thursday evening, Oct. 25, at a 6 o'clock dinner in the school cafeteria. About 80 teachers from the surrounding county schools were present.

Superintendent I. R. Abbott presided and introduced the speakers. Mrs. Seeley of Saratoga and Mrs. Withrow of Los Gatos gave a few of the highlights of their trip to the meeting of the National Educational association at Minneapolis.

County Superintendent Joseph E. Hancock spoke briefly of the recent superintendents' convention at Del Monte, and Robie Robertson of Oakland entertained with Scotch humor.

Another Hallowe'en Party

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dunlap were hosts to a score of their friends Friday evening at the home of Mr. Skiff on Alice avenue.

The living room was fully decorated with Hallowe'en motifs and the favors and other luncheon accessories were developments of the same popular theme. Sandwiches, salad in apple shell cases, and coffee were the appetizing refreshments.

Bridge was the chief diversion of the evening and Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Abbott captured both the gentlemen's and ladies' high scores, which verged on a monopoly but they managed to get by with it.

School Notes

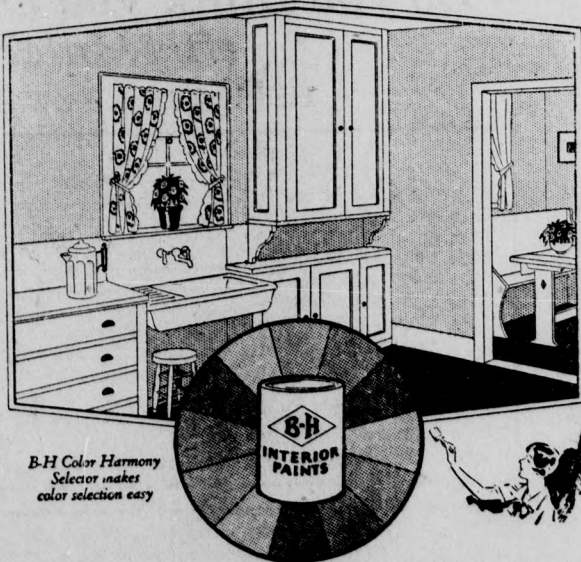
Mr. Snell's speedball team played Moreland Tuesday with a score of 4 to 1 in Moreland's favor.

A number of the rooms, both upper and lower grades had Hallowe'en parties Wednesday afternoon.

The cafeteria planned a special Hallowe'en menu for Wednesday's lunch, with cider and other "fixin's."

son and accordion solos by Philip Sanfilippo. Members are urged to bring guests.

Shadle's Drug Store



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B-H Color Harmony Selector showing you how you can plan your color schemes correctly. Moreover you can do the actual work yourself. You'll find it easy and great fun.

Call at our store and let us show you from the selector the correct colors to use in the work you are planning.

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Halloween Season is here

and mask parties with spooks are the vogue.

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Smith's Stationery Store

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All Work Guaranteed

Tire Repairing

For Service, Phone 129

Congregational Church REV. J. H. Bennett, pastor

Pre-election sermon at 11 a. m. "The Living Fountain or a Cracked Cistern." Special children's talk. Anthem by the choir.

At 6:30 p. m., younger people's groups. Subject, "The Teaching of Christ on the Use of Force."

At 7:30 p. m., evening worship. Subject, "The Depths and Shallows of Life."

The collectors in the \$1,000 effort hold their first party Saturday next from 4:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m. in the Sunday school hall. \$120 net is now collected. Mrs. Bennett would be glad to hear from anyone desiring to help.

The guild will meet next Thursday in the church at 2 p. m.

The date for the Dutch operetta, "Jan of Windmill Land," to be presented by the young people's groups, is Friday, Dec. 7.

The Rev. J. H. Bennett, speaking at the San Jose Exchange club this week said, "America today needs men and women who will examine the ideas before them and see not their effect upon our own selfish interests or desires, but whether they are moral ideas leading out for the good of our children. Such an idea is prohibition."

Night Winds in Mountains

A meteorological phenomenon found among the high mountains and noticeable in many places in Waterton lakes national park in southern Alberta is the night wind from the mountain tops. During the heat of the day the warm air rises from the valleys, but at sunset a current of air from the peaks rushes downward, bringing with it the scents of pines and larches, and it may be of the flowers of some alpine meadow a couple of thousand feet above.

CAMPBELL

INTERURBAN PRESS

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SOCIETIES.

Seasonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month. D. H. CRAMER, W. M. T. A. Robinson, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows Morning Light Lodge, No. 42 meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.

A. E. Brydon, Noble Grand. Ralph Gardner, Secretary.

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE

meets Second and Fourth Tuesday Evenings at J. O. O. F. Hall. Harry Barnes, Worthy Master. Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secretary.

Brotherhood of American Yeomen Orchard City Homestead No. 5265 meets 1st & 3rd Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall at Campbell. All Yeomen are cordially invited to attend meetings.

Edward O. Evans, T. A. Robinson, Honorable Foreman Correspondent

DR. C. E. FARMAN

Dentist

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